THE MINISTER'S BABY.

She was ready for church-our little Prue-In her gown so pretty and white. It was the first time we'd taken her there. And her eyes, expectant and bright, Looked up in my face, as t. king her hand,

I explained, in a tone very grave, How children in church, who sit in the pew. And wished to be good, should behave.

Her mother expressed a feeling of dread, And wished to sit back by the door. The fatherhood in me proudly demurred-Our beautiful baby, just four, Should sit where my people could see her

And down the broad aisle we would go. Though wife said: "What if she should misbehave." She's the minister's child you know!

Our wee lass went into our pew at the front She sang all the hymns upside down, Her bead she bowed, when I said "Let us pray,"

And shut up her eyes so brown. I thanked the good Lord, as never before, For lambs of the flock He had given, His Holy Name praised, because of His words:

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The sermon time came, my baby glanced

Some children, with sweetest content, On father's strong arms were leaning their

heads, While faces were lovingly bent Then an overwhelming, fatherly want Filled the heart of dear little Prue. he said, in a pitiful childish voice: "Papa, may I come up to you?"

Faith in my love and approval was strong. In a trice she climbed up the stairs And seated herself demurely and prim, In one of the minister's chairs.

A powerful sermon I preached, 'twas said-Not one prepared on the creed. The fedder so high the lambs could no reach,

But something on which they could feed. -Susan Teall Perry, in Good Housekeeping.

REMARKABLE STORY.

Strange Facts Regarding the Iden-

tity of One, Condon.

Midnight. A village, M-, near the city of New York. Interior of a cottage. A couple of nurses are dozing in chamber in which there is a bed containing the form of a young man, who is supposed to be sleeping.

The door softly opens, a physician enters lightly, and scowls at the dozers, who sleepily raise their heads and look embarrassed, as he passes by them to reach the bed.

"How is he?" the physician asks one of them, in a sharp whisper of reproof. "He's been sleeping that way since

ten o'clock," answered the man, humbly. The doctor goes to the bed. Both of the nurses rise quickly to their feet, as they take note of the expression which occupies the doctor's face. They go to his side, and bend over the still form, and hold their breaths as the doctor takes the young man's hand to test the pulsation. He drops the hand, and opening the bosom of the young man's garment, feels for the heart-beats.

"He is dead," sententiously says the man of business, "there is no doubt that for both deserve high praise for attention. Wake the mother and brother." He turned to a table and coolly closed his medicine chest.

A few moments later the entire household is aroused. The aged mother, with gray, disheveled hair, unbound, staggers down the stairs and falls upon her quivering knees at the bedside and caresses the still face and limp hands of ber last born. The living son tries to comfort her, but without avail. She is half bereft of reason and has to be led forcibly to her chamber in order that the attendants may arrange the body for interment.

Two days later a group of villagers assembled in the churchyard on the hill-side. Mrs. Telford, on the arm of her son, Hardy, stands near the open grave. Her aged face is marked with wrinkles as deep as time and woe can cut them. Her eyes flash out of her cold, rigid face with strange, restless gleams, now sweeping round the assembled faces, anon fixed on the casket, as if she would make them pierce the black lid to her child's face.

Heads were uncovered in the sunlight when a minister began a short prayer. When this was ended, a hymn was sung, hen the undertaker's men began to arrange the ropes to lower the coffin into he grave.

between them and the coffin, uttering creams which caused the spectators' hearts to jump and stand still with

She threw herself on to the coffin, and embraced it with tense hands and arms, hysterically exclaiming that her son was not dead, and that they should not bury him alive. Friends tried in vain to draw her away. She would listen to none of them, nor cease her pitiful requests for them to open the coffin. As quickly as the workmen could do it.

ber wish was granted. The lid was removed; the ghastly visage of the coffin's inmate was exposed. breath of relief escaped many an exectant, superstitious breast. The poor. falf-distraught woman bent with desperate expectancy over it, placing her

thin hand plaintively on the white face. She fell back into her son's arms in a dead faint, and was taken away in a carriage as the earth was filling the Years went by. Mrs. Telford never fully recovered from the shock of her son's death. Some said that her excessive grief was unnatural, that her mind was failing. To her most intimate friends she would sometimes admit in a hesitating way, which plainly indicated

that she fully understood their incredulity on the subject, that she never felt satisfied in regard to Washington's burial. She feared, in a vague way, that he had been interred alive. She paid freuen visits to his grave, returning each time with fresh-fallen gloom in her mien. Her disquietude might have continued

but for a happening that astonished the village almost to stupefaction. The tongues of the gossips moved but to produce chilling whispers over it.

It chanced that Hardy Telford was in New York one night, where he frequently went on short business trips. He was strolling through the Hoffman House, had entered the celebrated bar therein, and was standing before a noted painting when he beard a voice behind him which was identical with that of his dead brother. A cold chill ran over him. He turned instantly, the room seemed to whirl rapidly round him. He reeled backward against a table, horror stricken. The voice had come from a young man, in a group of companions, who was the exact fac-simile of Washington Tel- now on your calmness. You had better ford, even to a mole on his cheek and a go back to the hotel and wait for me, scar across his chin, which had distin- this is no place for you." guished Washington's features.

who had so astonished him.

The silence was broken by the latter, shook as with palsy. probably because he felt that Hardy's gaze of frightened inquiry was directed was there. to him in particular.

"What is the matter, young man?" he asked in a surprised tone.

"Pardon me, I- I-," Hardy stam- titude. mered, looking helplessly around him in mute appeal for advice from the spectayou are just like my brother, who died five years ago."

His voice broke down, and he san't in- leave. to a chair by the table.

pale; he seemed at a loss for words with which to reply. Just at that juncture a man who seemed to be a lawyer pushed ! ?lse. himself hurriedly into the circle. Touching the young man on the shoulder he said:

be rash; you are in no position to speak | you have read this letter, you will underto him. Let me speak." Then to Hardy, with a certain professional as perity in his tone, he asked:

"Will you tell me your name, sir?" "Hardy Telford," was the answer.

"Where do you live?" "At Melrose."

verge of further inquiry, as if reminded by the curiosity of the surging on-lookers of the inappropriateness of the place for such colloquy. He turned and spoke a few words in an undertone to Condon, whose pallor still lingered on his face; then he turned to Hardy, and informed him that he had a room in the hotel, and asked him if he would accompany him and his client Condon thither.

Hardy consented, and followed them in a dazed sort of a way, hardly conscious of what he was doing. In a few seconds they reached Mr. Brown's apartment. He politely gave Hardy a seat near him. Condon took a chair near the door. The lawyer began to question Hardy, until his bewildered brain was an intricate web of doubts, fears and superstitious fancies, the like of which had never before entered his brain. Now and then came a dazzling blaze of hope that he had indeed found his dead brother, which was quickly extinguished by the vivid memory of seeing his dead brother's face in the churchyard. Then Hardy would wonder why Mr. Brown should take such a marked interest in his life, and why Condon should seem so

Brown adroitly drew the conversation to a close by proposing to accompany Condon and him to Melrose the next morning, if agreeable to Hardy. The latter gladly consented. Nothing could | pened to have in his possession the body of have suited his desires better. He felt that there was an important and inexplicable responsibility resting on him, the bodies, bringing your brother to me. and was anxious to see Condon in the birthplace of his brother, and before his

When the trio arrived at Melrose the next morning, the news ran through the hamlet like a sudden chill wind. Exround them, while they were waiting | Hardy handed him. for a messenger to bear the tidings to Mrs. Telford of the strange resemblance of Condon to her dead son. The vil- lated the most marvelous adventures of lagers, for the most part, were ready to swear that Condon was Washington Tel-

At this juncture, Mrs. Telford sprang though most observing; Condon was thought that he was an irretrievable very silent and apparently embarrassed under the gaze of the assembly.

the Telford cottage. Mrs. Telford was and relations. in the door, highly excited and pale. With a startled cry she ran toward them as they entered the gate and threw her arms around Condon's neck, exclaiming:

plexity. he seemed to be in direct strug- his supposed death. gle with his memory.

ing around at the faces. "I can't be my son!" she cried; "do you think I have felt all these years that you were own.

not dead." Condon, obeying a signal from his lawyer's eyes, released himself from her by scheming villains to establish relaarms, kindly but firmly telling her that tionship to the heir. So frequent, inhe would return to see her soon. He deed, had they become that Hardy's left the cottage yard, and followed Brown story and actions on meeting his brother

down the street. The surging, murmuring wave of hu- a plot of some kind. manity rolled after them. As the news On reading the published anonymous spread wider, the excitement waxed letter from the physician, after he had greater. Then some one suggested the left the village, Mr. Brown decided that opening of the grave where Washington | there was yet something worthy of in-Telford had been buried. It was the vestigation in the village, and so they spark to the powder of suspense. They returned to Mrushed madly toward the graveyard, After living for a few days amid the men and boys, with rigid countenances, scenes of his birth-place, Washington in the lead; whispering women and gradually recovered his lost memory,

Naught could have stayed them. The grave alone could solve the mystery. They had seen the young man placed there who now stood before their eyes; they would know if the grave had given up its contents.

Condon and his lawyer were in the crowd when the grave was reached. The marble head and footstones were torn from their places, picks and shovels went into the grassy mound. Silence yielded only to the noise of the tools.

"I can't bear this, it is too horrible!" whispered Condon to Brown, as the picks began to thump with a hollow sound against the box containing the coffin.

"For God's sake be calm!" was the cautious reply; "every thing depends

As the casket was being raised to the An awkward pause ensued, which was surface of the earth, Condon slipped employed by the most thoughtful of the away unnoticed to the village. All eyes bystanders going to Hardy's aid, who were glued to the coffin. Not a whisper leaned tremblingly on the table, his stirred the air, scarcely a breath was - man dan't unThe hands asthe meror the lid

> "Great God!" exclaimed some one. Low mutterings swelled into a great sound-wave and round up from the mul-

The lid was removed. A skeleton

"Another trick!" ejaculated Brown, turning impatiently away and preceding tors. "I can't understand it, sir; but the stupefied crowd to the village. When the others reached the hamlet, it was found that the strangers had taken their

Four days passed. The widow, firmly The questioner's face grew deathly reiterating that Condon was her son, was ill almost to death. The villagers talked, thought, dreamed of nothing

> Then Hardy received a letter; it read sa follows:

NEW YORK, July 10, 18-HARDY TELFORD, Esq.: Dear Sir: I beg "Condon, remember my advice! Don't pardon for writing you anonymously. When stand why I do so.

Having read the newspaper reports of the remarkable circumstance in your family, I feel that it is my duty to write you of an ocsurrence which may bear slightly on the mystery. I will be as brief as possible.

I am a physician. At the time of your brother's burial I was a student in a me ical college in this city. I required a body for The lawyer paused on the seeming dissection, and, on the morning following the published date of your brother's interment, the body of a young man in a most remarkable state of preservation was brought me by a man engaged in such a vo-

I ordered it taken to a room used by myself and some fellow students. When we went to the room the following night, we found that the door had been forced open and coul I find no trace of the corpse.

We were greatly disturbed, fearing that our retreat had been discovered by officers of the law, and said nothing to any one about the matter. To this day I have had no explanation of the mystery. But since reading of your dilemma, I am constrained to think that my subject may have been your brother; notwithstanding that the finding of the skeleton in the grave is strongly contradictory. Hoping to hear of your success in the inves-ANONYMOUS.

As may well be conceived, this communication did not cool the fever of sensation at Melrose. It was followed, on the next day, by another from the same source, the contents of which caused even greater astonishment. It

NEW YORK, July 11, 18-HARDY TELFORD, Esq.: My Dear Sir: Again I ask pardon for not signing my name to this communication. Since writing you yesterday, I have seen the man who brought me the strange body.

He had been reading the news about this matter, and I found him quaking in fear of prosecution. It was only by assuring him doubly that he should not be known in the matter, that I induced him to speak freely. He says that the body brought to me was indeed your brother. In short, that he hapa man too badly decomposed to sell. So when he opened your brother's grave the night following the burial, he exchanged Again I remain,

Just after reading the above, Hardy was informed that Brown and the socalled Condon were in the village at the hotel. Excitedly, he repaired hither, meeting the lawyer on the sidewalk. citement was most intense in the crowd | The lawyer coolly read the letter which

"Beyond all doubt, my client is your brother," he said. Then he briefly re-Washington Telford.

He was discovered in the streets of New York with no more mental strength Brown was very uncommunicative, than that of an infant. At first it was imbecile. He was taken to one of the public fisane asylums, and every thing The crowd increased as it went toward possible was done to discover his friends

Soon he began to talk and showed such an aptitude for picking up learning that the physicians admitted that they had been mistaken in his case. Inves-"My boy, my son! I knew it, I knew | tigation proved that his mind was sound enough in the present, but that he had Condon's features were a study in per- forgotten all his life up to the time of

A very wealthy physician became "I am afraid you are mistaken, good deeply interested in the young man. woman," he faltered; "I don't remember | He took him to his home and gave him you-I can't remember any of you," look- | every advantage that wealth could procure, and when he died a few years later your son-there must be some mistake." it became known that he had willed all The old woman clung to him with a his fortune, amounting to more than a flerce, desperate embrace. "You are million dollars, to his protege, who was advised in the will to adopt the name of could be mistaken in my own child? I his benefactor, Henry Condon, as his

> The story becoming widely known, many fraudulent attempts were made were suspected to be a well-acted role in

to be ascribed to failing mental powers | children fringing the human billow. and his old love for his old mother and

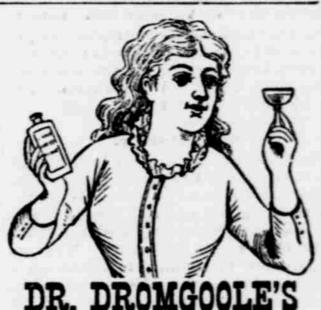
brother.-Will N. Harlan, in Yankee Blade.

Violet Ink in Vogue. We have more calls for violet ink than any other. Some persons think this is an affectation. It is nothing of the kind. Violet ink dries more quickly than any other. It does away with the use of blotters for that very reason. It flows more freely than any other, too. You can hardly ever make an indistinct letter or mark when writing with violet ink. And another beauty about it is that it never changes its color, and it doesn't appear sticky on paper. Some one was in here the other day talking about inks, and he said that all English novelists used violet ink. I don't know whether that is true or not. But I know at least a dozen Chicago clergymen who buy ink here, and they all use the violet.

Tribune. -"Oh, he's all right, he runs the bank, I make my own deposits thereing, He never garyblar' arrag he's safe and

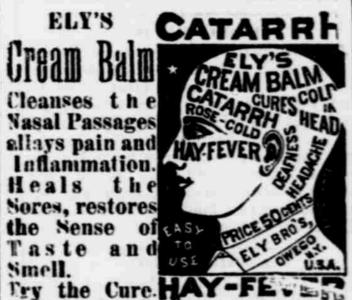
square." That night the honest man broke in The safe and skipped with lightning

And o'er the border with the "tin" He was a non est man, indeed. -Philadelphia Press.



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Athletes Praise it Highly.
656 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., May 3, 1887.
Some time ago, while a member of the Olympic Athletic Club, I sprained my knee severely and suffered agony, but was speedily and completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOHN GARBUTT.

Jumped from Engine. 609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1888.

I jumped from an engine in collision, and strained my ankle very badly. I used canes for weeks. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me.

G. ROKDER.

AT DRUGGI-TS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, M.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

thence worth ninety (90) feet, thence naning cash, at public suction, on one bundred and twenty-eight (128) feet thence south to the north line of the right of way of the M. K. & T. Railway company, thence in a southwesterly direction along the north line of said railway company to the west line first mentioned in this description, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a negotiable promissory note in said deed fully described, and whereas said note has become due and default has been made in the payment of the same, now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said not and in parsuance of the terms of said trust deed, public notice is hereby given, tuat the undersigned trustee will on FRIDAY THE 6TH DAY OF JUNE,

1890, between the hours of 10 o'clock forenoon and 5 o'clock afternoon of that day, at the west door of the court house in the county of Pettis, Missouri, proceed to sell the above described property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash to pay said note remaining unpaid and the cost and expense of executing the trust." WM. S. SHIRK.

Trustes

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Wher as, Mary I. Moore and W. M. Moore, by their certain deed of trust dated the '4th day of December, 1886, and recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds within Pettis county, trust deed record 52, pages 291 and 295, conveyed to the un lersigned, Henry Lamm, trustee, all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lot two (2) in block one (1) in Potter and Smith's addition to Sedalia, Missouri, which said conveyance was made i trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described, and whereas said note has become due and is unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of t ust and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the west court house door in the city of Sedalis, in the

highest bidder for cash, at public auction, FRIDAY THE 13TH DAY OF JUNE

county of Pettis, State aforesaid, to the

between the hours of nine in the forenoon nd five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust. HENRY LAMM, Trustee.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1890.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas Semour Selover E. A. Carpen ter and wife Lulu E. Carpenter, by a certain deed of trust, dated July 3 183, and duly recorded in the recorders office of Pettis County Miscouri, in doad of trust and mortgage record book 28 pages 165 and 166 and by a certain other deed of trust dated the 17th day of August, 1883, and duly recorded in the recorders office of Pettis County Missouri, in deed of trust and mortgage, record book 28, pages 179 and 180, conveyed to the undersigned as trustee, the following described real estate, situated in Petris County and State of Missouri, namely, the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section ten township fourty five and range twenty-one, except one scre in a square out of the northwest corner of said tract which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of two several negotiable promisory notes in said deeds fully described, and whereas the said notes have become due and default has been made in the payment of the same : now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said notes, and in pursuance of the term of said deeds of trust, public notice is hereby given, that the uasigned will on

FRIDAY THE 30TH DAY OF MAY

between the hours of ten o'clock forenoon, and five o'clock afternoon of that day, at the west door of the court house in the City of Sedalia, Pettis County, Missouri, proceed to sell the above described property at public vendue to the highest bid der for cash to pay said notes remaining unpaid, and the costs and expense of executing said trust. W. S. SHIRK, Trustee. 4.29-wf5t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, made on the 231 day of April, 1890, the undersigned, public administrator for said county, has taken charge of the estate of John Bell deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me, for allowance within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate, and if such claimsbe not exhibited within two years from the date of his publication, they shall

be forever barred. This 25th day of April, 1890. JOHN R. CLOPTON.

Public Administrator

TRUSTEE'S SALE

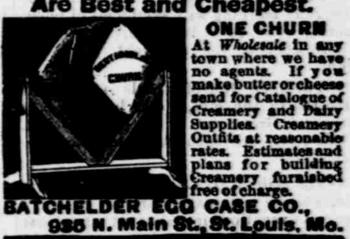
Whereas, W. J. McCord and Vellie E. McCord his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated the 16th day of April, 1887 and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at deed book 53 pages 285 to 237 conveyed to the undersigned W. F. Hansberger all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the followin described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Beginning at the southwest corner of Montgomery and Nineteenth streets, thence north along the east line of Montgomery street, 90 feet thence east, 125 feet paralell with Nineteenth street to an alley, thence south 90 feet to the nor h side of Nineteenth street, thence along the rorth side of Nineteenth street, 125 feet to beg nuing. The same heing 90x125 feet in the southwest corner of block 12 in Jackson & Montgomery's Whereas James Burton and Emily Bur- addition to the city of Sedslia, which said ton, his wife, by a certain deed of trust, conveyance was made in trust to secure -A Stationery Salesman, in Chicago dated 6th day of October, 1884, and duly the payment of a certain promissory note, recorded in the recorder's office in Pettis in said deed described, and whereas said county and state of Missouri in deed of note has become due and is u paid, now 332 and 333, conveyed to the undersigned ions of said deci of trust, and at the renamely: Commencing at a point on the shall praceed to se I the above described south line of lot B. in Ritter's addition to real estate at the court house door in the the city of Sedan. Pettis county, Missouri, three hundred and thus, feet east of the state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for southwest corner of said lot supplies each, at public suction, on

SATURDAY THE 21ST DAY OF JUNE

and five in the afternoon or and day, to satisfe said note, together with the conand expense or executing this trust. W. F. HANSBERGER, Trustee.



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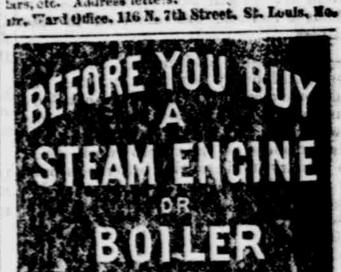
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